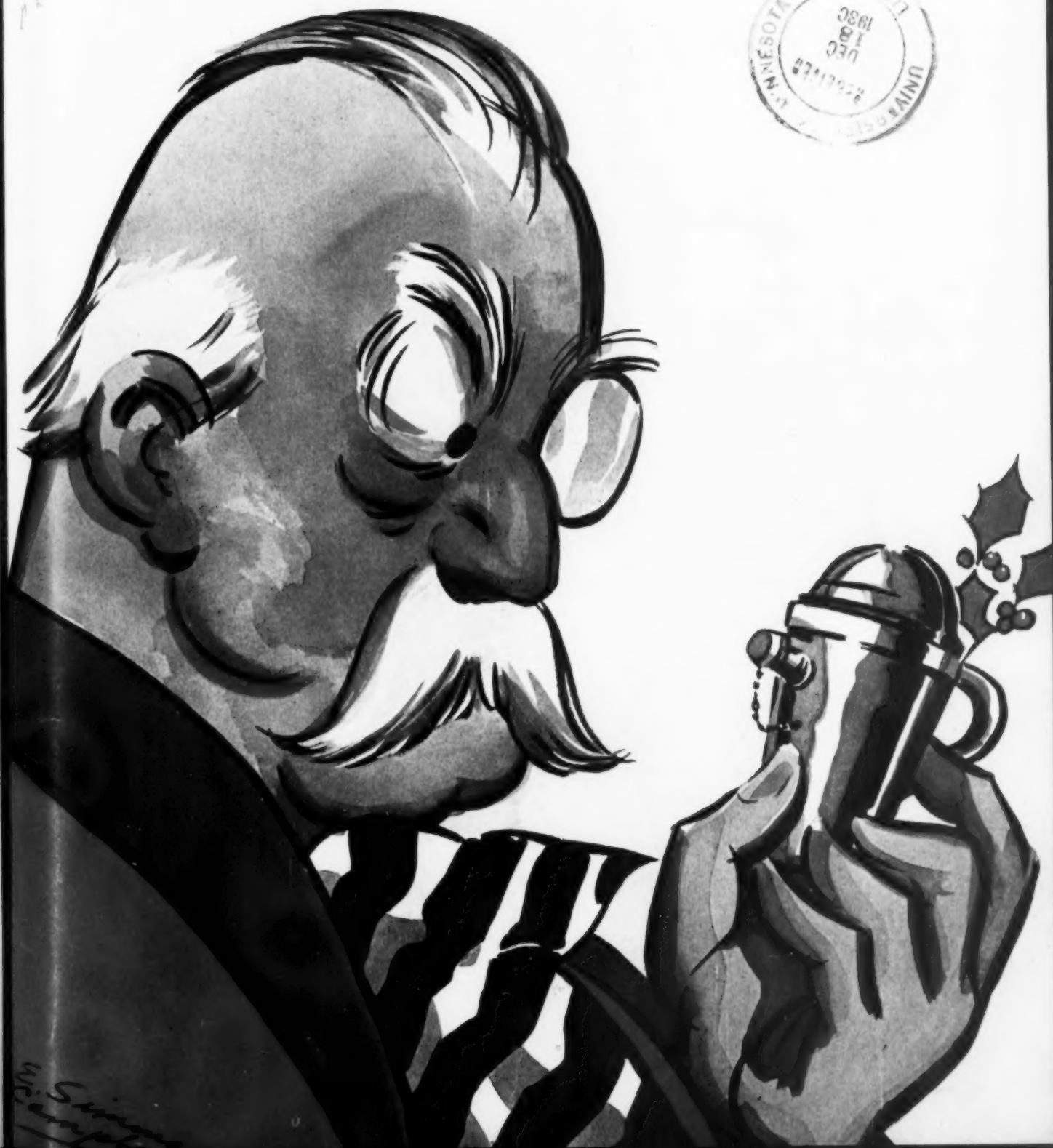


Life

December 19
1930

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*The Portrait of a
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1931

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December 19, 1930

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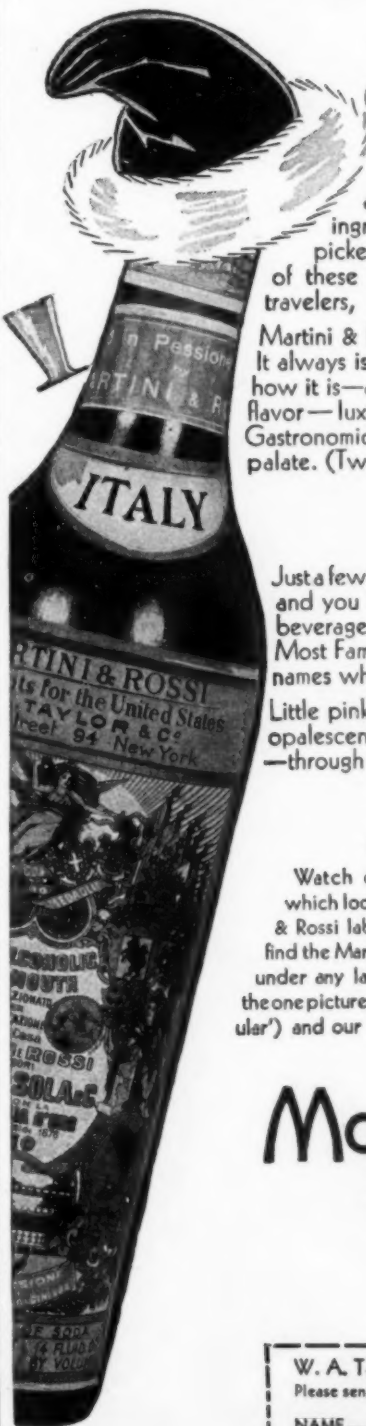
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"Don't bother, sir, I'm a
Christian Scientist."

Holiday ~ recipes ~



(Innocent looking Coupon entitles you to
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miniature dictionary
of the shaker

Just a few ingredients, with M&R as the drum major leader, and you have a private parade of the fanciest mixed beverages. Our Pocket Edition Set of Recipes of World's Most Famous Cocktails supplies cocktail secrets under names which take by storm whole clubs and steamships.

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(non-alcoholic)

W. A. Taylor & Co., 94 L Pine Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free Pocket Set of Recipes of World's Most Famous Cocktails.

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ADDRESS _____

DEALER'S NAME _____

First on the list *Whitman's* CANDIES

Santa, who knows all candies, can't resist the SAMPLER. It's his favorite. With its ribbon and holly decoration or bright Christmas wrap, he will leave it in millions of homes this year.

All over this broad land the shops and stores selected to sell Whitman's are overflowing with these sweets for the Christmas season, but they will melt away quickly. Do your Christmas shopping *now* to get fair selections.

PLEASURE ISLAND

The famous chocolate treasure in the box beloved by youth — \$1.50 the pound. One pound and two pound sizes.



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Any telegraph office will transmit your order for any of Whitman's famous candies and deliver the package anywhere in the United States. Consult your Bell Telephone classified directory for Whitman agents.



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The gift dependable. In 17-oz., two, three and five pounds, \$1.50 the pound.



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Dainty chocolates with select centers in this handsome metal box. One, two and three pounds — \$2 the pound.



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Chocolates of proven charm in a beautiful metal box. One and two pounds — \$1.50 the pound.

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Life



"That's our new 95-story building. We weren't going to let New York have all the honors."

A Buxom Figure

"Old mother earth, always a buxom figure, now weighs six sextillion (6,000,000,000,000,000,000) tons, according to Sir James Jeans, noted British astronomer."

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

Sir James Jeans,
London, England.
Dear Sir James:

I've always wondered about the weight of old mother earth—just out of curiosity. There's no practical value attached to the tonnage, as far as I know; because, even if you wished to sell it, you'd have hard work to find a buyer. At least, a *big* buyer. I mean, if someone said to you: "Sir James, what is your best figure on three trillion tons of earth," you'd be stumped for an adequate answer. Of course, if the buyer didn't specify any particular portion you might sell him the Gobi Desert, along with Prospect Park (that's quite a sizable tract of land, here in Troy, weighing, I should judge, 8,531,034 tons, including the new gravel road). My figures, naturally, are given in Troy weight; not Avoirdupois. Heaven knows what the shipping charges would be.

I can see where the weight of a more marketable commodity, like liver, is important, and, when you're purchasing a pound of salted nuts for a dinner party, you want a pound of nuts—not an ounce less. With salted nuts you know exactly what you are buying, don't you, Sir James? You can tell at a glance, for instance, that the package, or bag, doesn't contain a lot of shale and paleontological subsoil; but, good grief, sir! Six sextillion tons of old mother earth may contain most anything.

They've drilled down into it only a few miles, and, as far as *you* know, the interior may be hollow or stuffed full of old newspapers. I know that a volcano has never been known to erupt old newspapers, but that's neither here nor there. The point is, no one is sure just what's inside; and, even if they were, they'd have a fat chance putting it on a pair of scales.

How do you know, Sir James, what's under our front lawn? (Prince is un-

der our back lawn, or I'd ask that, too.) And, if you *don't* know what's under our front lawn, how can you tell how much it weighs?

In order to ascertain the weight of the earth you've got to know the circumference, haven't you, sir? All right! Now, then; the only way to determine the exact circumference is

to run around the earth with a tape measure; and, by the time you've done that (provided the Postal Telegraph Cable Company hasn't interfered), you'll be worrying more about your own weight than old mother earth's.

As to the density: We know that the density of cork is 0.22; but as for a cubic foot of the-Lord-knows-what, buried some 67 miles down under Lew Wachter's filling station, your guess is no better than mine.

Your American shopmate,

JACK CLUETT.

P. S. Have you seen Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher? J. C.



WELFARE WORKER: Now, let's see, your name begins with — ?
"With a nine, lady."

Imaginary Interviews

Graham McNamee.

I had originally intended to interview William Randolph Hearst, but as I was waiting for him in his office I absent-mindedly began to hum the Marseillaise. After brushing myself off I set out to interview Mr. McNamee instead.

The famous radio announcer was busy reading a Dictionary of Similes when I arrived. But he put it aside and greeted me with the famous McNamee smile. Or perhaps I am thinking of Maurice Chevalier.

"Tell me, Mr. McNamee," I said, "do you think that the radio has any importance as an education force?"

Mr. McNamee jumped to his feet. He seemed very much excited about something.

"Oh, boy!" he said, "What a question! What a beautiful question! Really it's one of the nicest questions I've ever heard! Is the radio an educational farce? I mean force. I should say so! Or rather, no it isn't! It isn't after all. I mean, yes it is, yes it is!"

I decided to take him at his word.

"Who do you think are the most popular radio entertainers?" I asked.

He had sunk back into his chair and was wiping the perspiration from his face.

"The most popular radio entertainers?" he said.

I smiled at the pleasantry.

"I mean the most popular radio entertainers," he corrected hastily. "Well, there certainly is no doubt about that! Everyone knows that Sandy and Amos, I mean Amos and Ghandi, I mean Shamus and Andes—What do I mean?" he asked.

Inspiration dawned upon me.

"You mean Amos 'n Andy," I said.

"That's who I mean!" said Mr. McNamee, gradually getting excited again. "Gosh, how they certainly do play that piano! Or no, I mean how they certainly do croon! I wish you could see Amos' golden hair glistening in the light as he gets up to sing!"

I let it go at that.

"Does broadcasting a football game," I said, getting a little more personal, "detract anything from your enjoyment of the game?"

Mr. McNamee jumped up again.

"On the contrary," he said, "it adds to it. Seeing a batter knock out a long, clean base hit—no, it's a foul! It's a



ART STUDENT (to sculptor): What do you do with your rejections?

foul after all! Well, it looked like a hit!"

"What were you going to say?" I asked gently.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. McNamee. "This excitement carries me away sometimes!"

Somehow I wished it would do the same for me.

"Just a minute," Mr. McNamee went on, "and I'll turn you over to Bill and let him talk to you for a while."

But it was not I whom he turned over to Bill. I was just a shadow of my former self. Whatever you have to say about Graham McNamee, I mused to myself, he certainly is err-minded!

—A. S.



"Hello, Jim! Meet Brown, suburbs, wife'n kids, salesman, experienced, wants job!"

For the Well-Dressed Burglar

A camera has been patented which, when attached to a safe, snaps a picture of the robbers. Now the boys will have to wear their good clothes at work.

Pu-leeze—Not On the Silver Lining

Another traffic problem we must solve soon is how to make a detour sign stick on a cloud.

So Keep Your Shirt On

A Pittsburgh judge rules a scorched shirt does not justify an assault on the laundryman. It is simply the irony of fate.



Inspiration

I always keep quite sober—or at least I thought I could,
But I'm doubtful, at the moment, if it's true;

For at one o'clock this morning, so I understand, I stood

Peddling pencils on our smartest avenue,
Then I had a sweeper's cart and broom and uniform, at two,
While I diligently cleaned the streets of grime,

If you ask me for the reason I can only say to you,
"Well, it seemed a good idea—at the time!"

Somewhat later (so they tell me) I was going pretty good,

Dancing solo in a restaurant I knew,
Then to demonstrate my prowess and my manly hardihood,
I tried to wrestle with the bouncer and his crew.

When I got up from the pavement with my eye a trifle blue,
I announced myself a Master-Mind of Crime
And I hid behind a hydrant so as not to leave a clue—

Well, it seemed a good idea, at the time!

If I give you explanations, as undoubtedly I should,

Why I climbed up on a statue "for the view,"

Why I drove into a drugstore with a load of kindling wood

While the driver ate his early morning stew;

If you ask me why I battled with the seven coppers who

Interrupted inspirations so sublime,
I can only answer frankly—if you think an answer due—

"Well, it seemed a good idea at the time!"

ENVOY

Judge, I tell you on my honor, I am finished,
I am through,

What I did had neither reason, sense nor rhyme,

In the cold gray morning-after, my performance looks askew—

But it seemed a good idea at the time!

—Berton Braley.



The origin of the idea.

Shooting Stars

"Director of Flower Observatory Asks for Volunteers to Report on Swarm of Meteors Headed for Earth."—New York Times.

Dr. Charles P. Oliver,
Flower Astronomical Observatory,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Dr. Oliver:

I saw your call for volunteers to assist in counting the meteors which were scheduled to appear recently, and, being somewhat interested in astronomy (at the time), I was out on our lawn the first night with pencil and paper and a big bushel basket.

You stated in the *New York Times* that, after 11:30 P. M. on November 15, a dozen or more Leonids an hour would show up. I stood out on our terrace looking due east, and about half way to the zenith, as you suggested, until about 4:15 A. M. Then it started to snow, one of my fingers went numb and my notepaper blew over into Mrs. Plumb's barberry bushes.

I don't imagine these meager facts will help you very much in determining whether the Leonid Shower is headed toward the earth or toward the moon, Dr. Oliver, but perhaps, when pieced together with other bits of information which the lay public have submitted, they may be more valuable than at first supposed.

Well, sir, I went out to scan the heavens at exactly 11:30 P. M. At 12:15 I discovered I was looking South instead of East. At a dozen an hour, according to your schedule, I figured I'd missed about nine meteors, so I put "9" down on my paper, which subsequently blew away. (I've told Mrs. Plumb to be on the lookout for a piece of paper marked "9" next time she's raking up leaves. She found one this morning marked "\$9.50," but it turned out to be a meat bill she'd lost.)

At about 1:30 I was sure the advance guard of the big shower was arriving, and I started making rapid entries on my piece of paper as each streak flashed across the heavens; at the same time putting my bushel basket right out in the open where it could catch any stray fragments. All at once I awoke to the realization that this "shower" was nothing more than the lights of automobiles leaving the club dance. I might be laboring under an illusion to this very day had not one of the

so-called "meteors" driven right up to our front door to leave my sister.

For the next three hours I ran up and down to keep warm. Part of that time I was looking in the East for meteors and part in the grass for my pencil. I got discouraged, and started counting just plain stars. (I remember I counted 748 of them between our two chimneys—if it'll do you any good, sir; although some of them may have been planets or nebulae.)

You asked your volunteers to carefully record the condition of the sky. Well, sir, at 4:15 it started to snow. I tried my level best to continue with my astronomical observations in spite of the blizzard, but after the wind blew my valuable notes over into Plumb's front yard I got discouraged and went to bed. My pencil was lost, my paper had blown away, so about all I had left to work with was a frozen finger and a bushel basket, fast filling with snow flakes. (The snow was so thick I couldn't even see the light in the hall, let alone a meteor.)

Sunday night I was still in bed with a pretty sore throat, Dr. Oliver, or I would have continued with my work. However, I *did* persuade my brother to place half a dozen more baskets around the estate in an effort to catch anything which might drop in from the outer ether.

Early Monday morning I got out of a sick bed to investigate, and, much to my delight, one of the baskets contained a perfectly formed "stone" weighing, I should judge, about eight pounds, and looking as if it had struck with tremendous force.

I was wrapping it up to send on to you when my brother informed me that he had put it in there to keep the basket from blowing away.

Assuring you of my future assistance in your astronomical investigations, I remain,

Yours truly,

JACK CLUETT.

P. S. I see my friend Giff Pinchot made a great showing in the last election down there in your state. J. C.



"He certainly is crazy about it, Madame!"



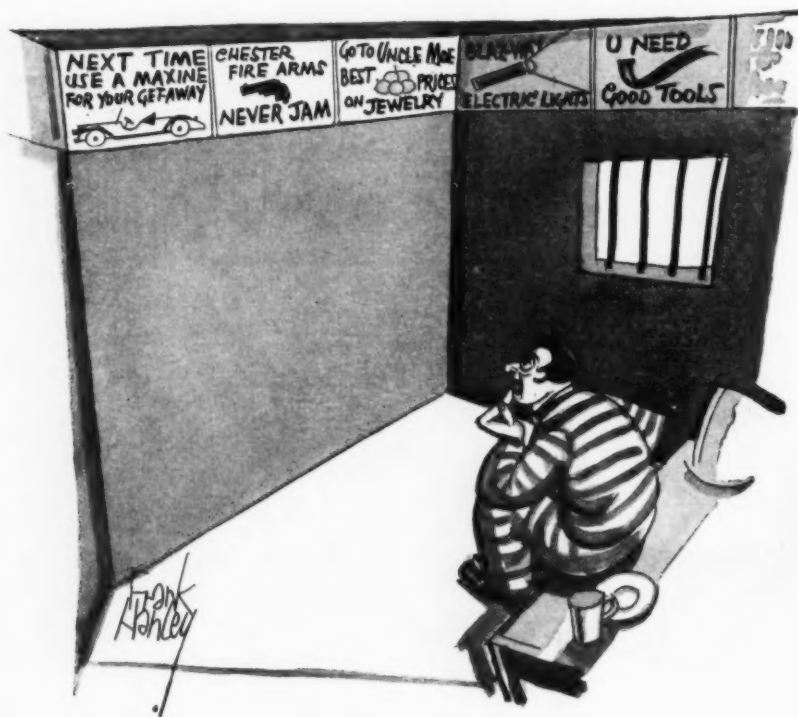
"But, Sidney, it's so intellectual these days to be physical."

Test of Friendship

A factory tested a motor recently by running it 13,000 miles without a stop. The same results could have been secured by letting a friend have it for the week end.

Tck! Tck!

"A girl with pretty teeth should study voice, while one with beautiful hands should take piano lessons," says a writer in a woman's magazine. But there is a greater demand for dancers.



Advertising concessions for short-timers' cells bring state revenue.

The Modern Dictionary

Abattoir, n. A public slaughter house, or a place where cattle gather to ponder and discuss bovine metaphysics before departing for the hereafter. The modern and more brilliant minds among them, doubtless, hold that Heaven is a tin can or a package of bouillon cubes, while the orthodox contend that it is a hot steak platter or a kettle of Irish stew.

Bartender, n. The janitor of the soul, skilled in the art of keeping that edifice comfortably warm.

Christmas, n. prop. A religious festival at which the head of a family typifies his adhesion to the faith by emulating the early Christian martyrs.

Daisy, n. A low, scapose, asteraceous plant widely distributed in both Europe and America. It is a hardy flower and will blossom prolifically in soil that is otherwise absolutely barren, such as the brain of a popular song writer.

Gale, n. In naval phraseology, a capful of wind. A coatful of wind is called an admiral.

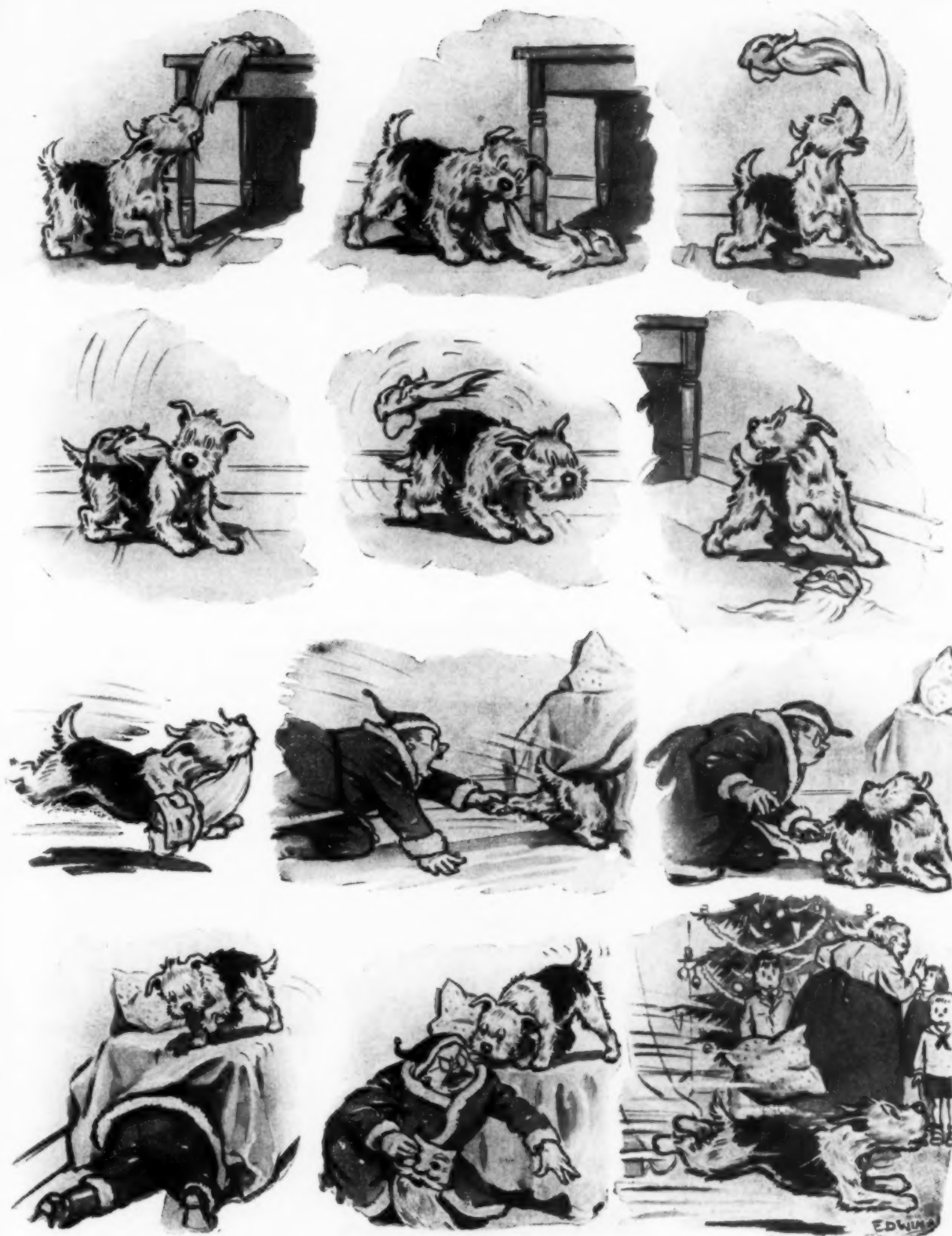
Garage, n. A building in which to leave the tire iron and other necessary tools while you go out in the country and get a flat tire.

By An Authority

Spry mocking-birds on power wires,
And sparrows sporting on the lawn,
With lively vocal repertoire
Delight to usher in the dawn.

Their song is best in Paraguay,
And Britain's islet Montserrat,
And Labrador, and Zanzibar,
And even farther off than that!

—E. B. Crosswhite.



SINBAD
Here comes Santa Claus !

The Care and Feeding of Debutantes

By JACK CLUETT.

What is a *débutante*?

A *débutante* is the daughter of parents who are socially prominent and independently wealthy. The child must be born at Miss Lippincott's Sanitorium and the fact must be immediately recorded on the Society page of the New York *Herald-Tribune* together with the former name of the mother. Then the child should be named Muriel and placed in a hot tub.

BATHING.

How should the bath be given?

One at a time. The room should be warm and, if possible, a deck steward should be on hand to open the collapsible bathtub. The face should first be smeared with cold cream and then



bandaged up like Elizabeth Arden; next the body should be brought to a rich lather and the *débutante* placed in the tub with its body well supported by the nurse and the nurse well supported by the father.

At what temperature should the bath be given?

For the first few weeks at 100° F.; later, during the backward age, at 98° F.; after six months, at 95° F.; and so on down until Muriel is old enough to use an ice pick.

With what should the bath be given?

Soft soap and sponges are useful for bathing the body. There should be a separate sponge for the face and another for the chassis. The windshield should be rubbed off with a wet chamois. Mixed bathing may cause a structural weakness in the tub and should therefore be discouraged. In no event fold up the tub and put it away until the *débutante* has been removed.

What are the objections to bath sponges?

They are apt to absorb water and become soggy.

Under what circumstances should the daily tub be omitted?

In the case of very delicate *débutantes* or very feeble tubs. If given too often both may collapse. The daily tub may also be omitted if it leaks down through the ceiling. In many cases much harm is often done by bathing with soap and water, or with water alone, or even with soap alone. Sometimes harm is done by not bathing alone.

SKIN.

What is make-up?

It appears on the lips and cheeks at an early age and looks like a sort of bloom. It is also called thrush. In severe cases it may be communicated to another person, the first stages appearing on the lapel of the coat.

How should the skin be treated when there is thrush?

An application of cold cream followed by massaging with a clean towel. If done properly, the thrush will all come off on the clean towel, leaving the baby free to start in again with a fresh face. Very often thrush appears on the tip of the little finger.

How is prickly heat produced?

The ancients produced it by rubbing two dry sticks together, but today it is produced by dancing in flannel underclothing.

How should it be treated?

Just like one of the family. The underwear should be torn into strips and used for polishing shoes. Baby should then be turned loose in the lingerie department of B. Altman until the rash entirely disappears.

CLOTHING.

What are the most essential things in the clothing of sub-debs?



Fourteen pairs of evening slippers, a mink coat, twenty- or thirty-party

dresses, a broad flannel band (preferably played by Leo Reisman at the Central Park Casino) and a couple of hats to push off the back of the head. At all times baby must have "simply nothing to wear." The petticoat should be supported by shoulder straps and hung in the closet.

How should baby be held during dressing and undressing?

Nothing is more awkward than to attempt to dress a young baby whom you scarcely know. It should lie upon the nurse's lap until quite old enough to lie by itself. If someone is waiting for baby downstairs there is no special way to dress her so long as it isn't done in a hurry. After she is ready to go downstairs, she must get all undressed and start over again.

What changes are to be made in the clothing of infant *débutantes* in the summer?

Clothing of all kinds should be practically eliminated. Sun tan powder may be discontinued along with stockings, and several yards of bathing suit should be cut out at the back. Hot flannel socks should be worn at all times during the warm weather. Pajamas should be worn only during the day.

NURSERY.

At what age may the window be left open at night?

The window should be left open at night as soon as baby is old enough to stagger in through it.



How often should the nursery be aired?

In the evening when baby goes out and again in the morning when she comes in. The ash trays should be emptied at least eight times a day and the pillows straightened out on the divan whenever necessary. Highball glasses should be thoroughly sterilized after each brawl.

(To Be Continued, Probably)

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by NOVEMBER 29—Lay late, Baird pondering this and that, in Leonard especial why so many dramatic critics carry canes to the theatre, and how much I hate pewter and woodcuts, and then Emmy Anders in to see me, and in speaking of a rich man of her acquaintance, she did say, "He doesn't know how much money he has," which minded me that neither do I, for that matter, for Lord! my cheque book and the bank's balance sheet do never agree, and I well remember how rich I felt when the figures were eighty-some dollars in my favor, but now I seem to be thirty or forty dollars behind, which is a sad matter, but one about which I can do nought. And when Cal Williams told me the other day that she had spent hours tracking down four accounted-for cents, I was at some pains to credit her. This morning came the Christmas linen which I did order monogrammed for presents, and some of the letters were so obscurely embroidered that I was obliged to consult my list in order to determine for whom they were intended, so I did call the shop and give them a sound berating, since I had laid out a considerable sum for the work. Reading through the lunch hour in "Murder by Latitude," a tale so engrossing and well writ that I did not choose to put it down when matinee time arrived, so took it with me, enjoining Effie Goings not to address me during the intermissions, which I did not mind doing, since she has always considered me a little daft. To the playhouse also in the evening, taking Jane O'Connell with me, and when I did ask her if she would go to live in Europe if she had sufficient income, she bade me not ask foolish questions, which silenced but did not satisfy me.

NOVEMBER 30—This day of the calendar does always remind me of a story which Winchell Smith did tell of a man who was suspended for thirty days from his club, and a souse, stopping before the bulletin board, quoth, "Thirty days hath September, Ernest Hanford, and November." Did on my

blue tailed early, and off to help Manie Howland dress some dolls for a hospital bazar, and she told me of a party she had attended yesterday afternoon where the cocktails had been of none too excellent a quality, remarking, "You know the kind—where the butler has the gin and you have the vermouth." Then to the jeweller to inquire if he could weight my diamond bracelet so that the wide and elaborate part would stay on top of my wrist, and the question set him into such a gale that I was fearful of collecting a crowd in the shop, but I did manage to get away without scandal and with his promise to freight the narrower portion of the bauble as suitably as possible. To call on Marge Boothby, and an unexpected package being delivered whilst I was there, I did beseech her to

open it straightway, since I am always interested in presents even when other persons are their recipients, and it was a brace of pheasants fully clawed and feathered, the first glimpse of which did give us such a turn that we emitted faint screams, and even the maid who was watching us made a slight sound of alarm. And I could not but think how I had liefer have the plumage than the meat itself, forasmuch as I do consider all game highly overrated as food-stuff. To dinner this night at Eddie Arnold's penthouse, where everything is done painfully in the modern manner, the chairs being of white leather, and so low that it is impossible to rise from them without assistance, and the carpet, of a pattern imitating the skin of a leopard, reminded Sam of the bottom of a Buick car.



"Oh, Mr. Glitz, he's the very image of you!"



Life Looks About

Russia's "Mechanics"

STALIN thinks that a new war is inevitable. He calls "the present world economic depression" the worst of the periodic crises that marked the progressive decay of the capitalist system. Nevertheless he does not think it will last nor that it is the finish of capitalism, but he seems to think it will breed war in Europe where he expects to see the strong prey on the weak. That, he said to Duranty, is the habit of the capitalistic countries. He sees Europe an armed camp, as it is, and he does not see much prospect of a peaceful solution of its problems.

But he does not take note of one great obstacle to a war between important countries of Western Europe. That obstacle is the Soviet Republic and its Red Army. France and Italy disagree about things and they might fight, but probably they won't. Ludendorff has a nightmare about a general war involving all Europe, Russia included. But Western Europe looks at Russia with increasing interest and probably with increasing reluctance to undertake pressing military engagements until it becomes more apparent where the Soviet government is going to get off.

That also engages increasing attention from the United States. We also want to know, and have good reasons for so wishing, whether Stalin and his co-operators, assigns or successors can put through their plan for turning due proportion of Russia's millions into mechanics; into makers, menders and users of machinery.

About that no mind recognized as competent has come to a conclusion. People say the five-year program cannot be carried out in five years. That is nothing. People say the extreme discomfort provided for the mass of the Russian people by the Soviet government will not be endured much longer and that the Communist plan will blow up in the spring.

Nevertheless, none of these guesses look like good bets. Observers on the ground, Walter Duranty for example, do not risk any forecast. They tell all they can, but they do not say where this vast experiment and effort is coming out. The General Electric and other big American concerns go on helping the Soviets to build enormous factories. Other Americans sell them caterpillars and tractors by the thousand. The Americans and the Germans are helping them with their industrial development. The British and the French are standing off.

THE great present question seems to concern the possibilities of developing mechanical intelligence in the Russian peasants. There are about 140 millions of peasants and what development is possible to them is what



"If he wants her that bad,
he can have her."

everybody wants to know. What they call the proletariat, which means in Russia mechanics, is not altogether satisfactory. One reads that the Russian workers are very unkind to the machinery they handle and do vast damage to it. One also reads that the Russian railroads are wearing out and that the prospect of repairing and replacing them is not good. On the other hand, Stalin and his associates know these things. They know that the Russian mind does not work with machinery as the Yankee mind does. They know their vast army of peasants is stupid, illiterate, nomadic, but

they say—we have trained them in the Red Army so that they are competent soldiers, and they can be trained to be mechanics and modern farmers. Mr. Duranty says that the children that the Soviets have trained, a few thousand, are much brighter than the average Russian stock.

Stalin apparently thinks that the capitalistic nations want Russia to remain stupid and illiterate. He is mistaken about that. It is true that they may not wish the Soviets to succeed too much, but neither do they want them to fail too much. It is better business to have them develop wants. Here in the United States where we think very highly of what we call education, we are in favor of the Russians having it. They have lived in the night a long time. We are in favor of having daylight let into them. We are not in favor of having them develop into a huge malevolent and destructive power.

But is there so much danger of that? One can hardly think so. For a long time to come Russia's home problems will be amply sufficient to occupy all her energies.

As much as that can be said for the rest of the world also. Every country now seems to have a full cargo of problems, the United States no less than the others.

JUST for the moment the most pressing problem is how to feed the hungry and that seems to be engaging the attention of competent minds. As these words are written Congress is considering the matter and possibly will develop, under the extreme pressure of the times, a higher degree of intelligence than we have reason to hope for from the legislative body that passed the tariff bill.

Mr. Hoover has been under strenuous instruction and perhaps he will have some good thoughts. Certainly the world needs some, and the new thought must include some idea of international co-operation. Countries cannot live and legislate for themselves alone. Our world has got to learn to love its neighbors sufficiently to save its own skin. Mr. Raymond Fosdick has put that forward in a good piece in *The Times*. *Laissez faire*, which may be interpreted to mean—let things slide—is not doing well.

—E. S. Martin.



"And wot's more, I read it!"

Endurance

VISITING PRINCIPAL: Who is that fidgety boy that can't sit still in his seat for two seconds?

TEACHER: Oh, that's one of our last summer's champion tree sitters.

That Is Progress

PROF. HOLLOTOP: I've worked ten years translating this Egyptian cuneiform.

PROF. PIFFLEBEAN: And what does it say?

PROF. HOLLOTOP: "Etoain Shrdlu."

Violent Measures

"Did you yell for help when you were held up?"

"I started to, but the bandits told me that if I didn't shut up they'd call the police."

The End of Patience

A Cape Cod mariner recently celebrated his sixtieth year as a fisherman by retiring. It was long enough for anybody to wait for a bite.

Explanation

My dresses look dowdy . . .
My hair is a mess . . .
My eyes are quite cloudy
With looks of distress!

My nose seems to shimmer
And gradually spread . . .
My thoughts are much grimmer . . .
I wish I were dead!

My hats all seem silly . . .
My grin is a flop . . .
My grace like a lily
Has turned to a hop!

Instead of romantic,
I look like a clown . . .
I'm too elephant! (My sweetheart's in town.)

—E. L.



A Woman's Right.

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

What! The Big Stick Again?

IS THE "Chief" really going to keep on brandishing that tomahawk? He surely ought to feel encouraged at the approval which greeted his first two swings. Some of it came from surprising quarters. The New York *Evening Post*, for example, which for the last fifteen months has manifested very little enthusiasm over the Chief Executive.

But when on the same day he defied the American Federation of Labor and the Senate Irreconcilables—that was almost Rooseveltian, or even Wilsonian. It was Big Stick stuff, and the crowd applauded as though it were the Bambino himself.

Now the funny part of this is that looking back to March 4, 1929, when Mr. Hoover was inaugurated, one does not recall any such outburst of approval for anything else he has done. There is nothing that grips the imagination about appointing a commission.

Mr. Hoover personally had several delightful thrills, in the first month or so, his emotions being exalted each time he induced someone to make a financial sacrifice to serve under him. He was positively awed when Alexander Legge agreed to give up \$100,000 a year salary from International Harvester to relieve the farmer under Hoover's direction.

Mr. Hoover was the only "dollar a year" man under Woodrow Wilson who capitalized that connection in a big way so far as popular favor is concerned. He knew how, he thought, and also how to train others to reflect greater and greater glory on the head man. But it hasn't worked very well. The election proved that the magic name of Hoover had lost considerable of its mesmeric power.

The truth is that Mr. Hoover has just been itching all this time to do the very kind of things that resulted in all this approval just as Congress was about to reconvene. He would have loved beating a big stick about the

heads of everyone who got in his way. He is a very impatient man. He becomes tremendously irritated at resistance.

So if he discovers that all he has to do to win popular approval is to act natural, surprising consequences may follow.

"How long has this been going on?" he may ask Larry Ritchie as he selects a heavier bludgeon.

It is not impossible. Indeed, he would probably have almost as good a time as Teddy did. His engineering brain and his Quaker conscience might give him bad moments. It is not at all the sort of structure he had intended to erect. Nor would a popularity so acquired be the kind of which he has dreamed, and which he had in very real measure the day he took the oath as President.

But then nothing has worked out just



"Now don't just hand out the circulars; have something pleasant to say to everyone."

the way most of us thought it would. The "chicken in every pot" for which he yearned in his campaign speeches has been diluted with hot water in soup kitchens. Instead of agreeing around a conference table amiably to a "limited revision" of the tariff, Congress ran amuck and made Cannon, Payne and Aldrich look like free traders.

Nor did the departure of Jim Reed, Hoover's war-time Nemesis, and the almost inexplicable quietness of Hiram Johnson, make his dealing with Congress what he had expected. And the Democrats added Jouett Shouse and Charley Michelson to his "hair shirts."

So perhaps he will abandon his original dream, stifle his Quaker conscience,

and sidetrack his engineering strategy. He may take the public into his confidence as to just what he thinks of the "obstructionists." He may have learned the lessons so often demonstrated during his service under Wilson and Coolidge, and which were emphasized again at the recent election.

For a President can play hob with members of his own party who go against him when they come up for re-election. But help them he cannot. Witness Wilson and the "Willful men." Witness the lamentable failure of Coolidge to help Butler in Massachusetts, not once but three times! Witness the remarkable case of Reese, of Tennessee, the only man Hoover tried to help in the recent struggle, so far as public utterance was concerned. He was beaten by a man whose name was not even on the printed ballot, but had to be written in!

Just suppose the President should begin talking frankly to the newspaper men, at those twice a week conferences, instead of reading them carefully prepared announcements! Imagine his putting Jim Watson in the Ananias Club, some fine morning, on the World Court issue—or whatnot! Or giving the "boys"—not for quotation of course—his real opinion as to why certain senators not satisfied with their patronage were acting up.

So these editors who are praising the President for smashing at the Federation of Labor and the Irrecon-

cilables should really do a little thinking as to the consequences that may follow their uncorking this particular bottle.

Some of their own pets may have their heads bloodied once this Quaker finds out how much the public really likes a fight. For once started there is no telling how far it would go.

The advantage is always with the man in the White House in this sort of combat. No mere senator or editor for that matter can elbow him away from the microphone. He will have the first word and the last word, and most of the words in between.

But how he will suffer when he hears what the other fellows say about him!

Great Minds at Work



Marriage is an adventure, like going to war.

—G. K. Chesterton.

It is true that quality is often more important than quantity.

—Calvin Coolidge.

The beginning of all wisdom lies in the belief of an eternal hell.

—Rev. J. M. J. Quinn, of New York.

I have nothing to say about anything.

—Republican Chairman Fess.

Throw all the beer and spirits into the Irish Channel, the English Channel and the North Sea for a year, and people in England would be infinitely better. It would certainly solve all the problems with which the philanthropists, the physicians and the politicians have to deal.

—Dr. William Osler.

A visit to the United States today is almost a nuisance.

—Sir Arthur Balfour.

Now you no longer find in society the woman with nothing to do but amuse herself.

—Emily Post.

There she is. Let us say she is twenty-seven or eight. She has never married. Some women marry, others do not.—Sherwood Anderson, "It's A Woman's Age," page 615, December Scribner's.

East Is East and North Is South

FLORIDA TOURIST: I suppose you were born and raised here?

FLORIDA VILLAGER: No, suh. I was raised in the Nawth, suh.

TOURIST: You don't say. What part of the North?

VILLAGER: Alabama, suh.

Heavens, No

"So you decided to quit being an atheist?"

"Yeah, there's no future to it."

Food Feud

And if Capone decides to get rid of competition in his free soup kitchen racket, we suppose he'll start bumping off the Salvation Army.

Relatively Speaking

American manufacturers are asking Einstein to endorse their products. He might say that they are the best he has never used.

The Ace of Radio

MRS. SMART: Have you any early American furniture?

MRS. DUMB: Oh, yes. We still use a battery radio set.

Socko!

HE: I had a date with a lady mind-reader last night.

HER: And how did she enjoy her rest?



GRAND CANYON.

"I know that spit is a horrid word, Sylvia—but that's what I am going to do."





The Military Wedding

"So you want to get married, do you?"

"Well who do you think that is out there — Daniel Boone?"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE, the curiously titled play which Jane Cowl has added to her current repertoire, is surprisingly good entertainment. It permits the star to be slightly more of a *deus ex machina* than the actualities of life might afford her, but as long as her lines are amusing, her postures so alluring—and I'm afraid she *does* posture a bit—her gowns so entrancing, who cares? The plot has to do with the significance of art, which is enough to make anybody laugh at the outset, and I am obliged to report, as a faithful reviewer, that the question which Tolstoy asked years ago to the annoyance of so many undergraduates was not satisfactorily settled on the stage of the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Art, like everything else, is a matter of individuality, and the fact that a woman has received what the academicians call a dirty deal from an artist with whom she eloped when her children were still teething and who would have been no better a citizen had he been a barrister or a mortician does not entitle her to damn the world's output of painters. In fact, as I proceed with my account of this diverting play, I find it possible to wax fairly excited over several points of departure which it gives me and which have nothing to do with the business in hand or the box-office. I hold no brief for the palette and brush, having the same blind side for pictures to which H. L. Mencken admits, and being on a par with the tourist who, asked if he had seen the Madonna della Sedia, pointed over his shoulder to the Uffizi and said, "If it's in there, I have." But I rather resent, even for the purpose of high comedy, having the beauty which has meant so much to generations, some of which included the ransomed saints, dismissed as a cosmic superfluity. "Art for art's sake," says Mrs. Bottle, "but George's brains for God's sake," thereby getting a large laugh and pushing Rembrandt into the discard in favor of the plumbing profession. She may be right. And after all, I shouldn't be so serious about it, especially in a review of a play which I enjoyed throughout, but which amazed me through the flimsiness of its foundations and the casualness of its dénouement. A disillusioned woman is an interesting character only when she is blessed with humour, and

in full justice to Miss Cowl I must say that she surcharged Mrs. Bottle with that engaging quality which attracted her forsaken children and finally induced her stodgy but competent husband to allow her luggage to be forwarded from the Carlton.

THIS IS NEW YORK, by Robert E. Sherwood (who is no longer my boss, so that everything I say can go double) is such a delicious piece of satire on contemporary American life that I am astonished the journalistic reviewers dismissed it with the mere, but highly satisfactory, statement that it is a swell show. The author has elaborated the old idea that New York is a nice place to visit, etc., and he has done so with a marvelous introduction of various local menaces which move the audience to laughter but which should actually make them burst out crying. A Senator and his wife are here from Dakota with their young and charming daughter. The Senator looks suspiciously like Mr. Borah and talks disarmingly like Mr. Heflin. Mr. Sherwood has not lost an atom of his opportunity there, even to the banquet speech which floats from the radio. The wife is exactly the D. A. R. and clubwoman which she would have to be in order to poll votes and maintain social prestige in their community. The daughter is the kind of Western beauty which attracts a few good invitations and eventually lands as a fiancé a scion of what the society reporters are pleased to refer to as our aristocracy. (It has been done conspicuously before, and the New York and Newport papers will please not copy.) The fact that the girl takes it into her head to interview her young man's former mistress (shouldn't that word have gone out with Pinero?) affords a splendid chance for many of us to see what can happen when you live in an apartment building on Central Park West which also houses the town's chief bootlegger who is visited by a galaxy of friends ranging from a cocaine fiend to a judge who has not yet vanished. I must confess to a definite shock at the sight of Miss Lois Moran, who plays the daughter, for I had somehow, without putting much thought into it, imagined that time, in her case, would stand still, and that she would never be any different from the

child of Stella Dallas, whose misery, as depicted at its screen preview, so moved me that I wept shamelessly into one of my best Vernet handkerchiefs, and when I tremblingly asked my companion what the man sitting behind me must be thinking of such abandon, I was told, "Don't be silly! That man is Sam Goldwyn, and if he had known about it beforehand, he would have probably paid you for this." Miss Moran now is a definite blonde, very sweet, and apparently competent. She does not interfere in any way with the points which Mr. Sherwood makes so effortlessly in regard to life in Manhattan at the present day. He must be given credit for the sincerity of his conclusion after the young people have gone to make character for the Senator's re-election and to give the real estate agents of Dakota a run for their money, they are coming right back to New York, to live in East Seventy-second Street. And if it hadn't been just a play, even though a damned good one, I should have climbed across the footlights and given them the address of an apartment on that thoroughfare which a member of my family is anxious to sell.

AKISS OF IMPORTANCE, adapted from the French by Arthur Hornblow, is fragile and ridiculous in its conception, but it is done so well and is so exquisitely mounted that an evening devoted to it could not be considered misspent. Chamberlin Dods has done some upholstering for the second and third acts which will drive any woman who adheres to the advertisement for liking nice things completely out of her mind, and if at moments the action and dialogue seem a little too French, it is easy enough to remember Lafayette, and it is easier far to look at Ann Andrews, whose clothes always cause a woman whose dressmaker's bill is unpaid to break completely down. The plot is silly enough. A politician, having fallen in love with the wife of an elderly friend, engages Basil Rathbone to provide the husband with apparent evidence for divorce. A child of six, whose sensibilities and experience had not been too blunted, could foresee the consequences, because Mr. Rathbone is, they tell me, the stage's great lover. I hope I shall be forgiven if I state that

he seemed to me on several occasions absurd, and that it was almost preposterous, save that her only other evident candidates were ready for an old men's home, that the lovely Miss Andrews should have succumbed to his advances, even after their commercial value had been merged with personal emotion. He met thoroughly with the approval of the audience, however, and I dare say what seemed to be his unnecessary antics was no more than his rôle and direction required. Mr. Frederick Kerr, as the elderly husband, was excellent, and I was delighted that everything was settled so satisfactorily in the end, because an apartment in Paris, granted by an indulgent husband, is all that any woman of intelligence and charm should require, and if they come down on me in Boston for expressing such a sentiment so plainly, I can only refer them to the book of Genesis and the unexpurgated lives of some of our leading citizens.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S *Shylock* has been given numerous interpretations by competent actors, but none appealed to this reviewer more than the stately conception of the Jew as performed by Maurice Moscovitch in the Dillingham revival of "The Merchant of Venice." No doubt Mr. Shakespeare intended *Shylock* to be a less estimable creature than he appears through the eloquent personality of Mr. Moscovitch, but in this the actor deserves credit for adapting the character to himself in instances where it is not compatible to adapt himself to the character. It would indeed be incongruous to associate a cringing, whining inferior with the natural dignity of the Moscovitch speaking voice.

The present season has not provided a more colorful display of theatrical fireworks than the finely drawn emotional pictures presented by the star during the courtroom scene. We particularly recommend his gestures and facial exercises as he sharpens his knife for the purpose of carving his pound of flesh. The only thing we ever saw to compare with this for convincing malicious intent was the photograph of a Notre Dame fullback hitting the line in the game with Southern Methodist.

Next in importance is the performance of Miss Selena Royle as *Portia*. She is, perhaps, not the connoisseur's ideal of a perfect Shakespearean actress (which may account for our

pleasant reaction to her efforts) but she is beautiful, graceful and possesses an unusual talent for being able to stand with her nose almost touching her lover during the exchange of lengthy declaration of love without giving the impression that she knows darned well that no two people with a mutual urge would just stand there and talk about it.

Splendid performances are also given by Dorothy Tree as *Jessica*, Hugh Buckley as *Antonio* and Geoffrey Wardwell as *Bassanio*.

Occasionally a person who is not familiar with the classic and less popular productions of the legitimate stage drops into one of these revivals by chance. Such a person sat two seats from us and almost had to be ejected when *Portia* appeared in court in masculine disguise. He said, in a loud voice, that he would have known she was a woman anywhere and that if this

was part of the plot why the hell didn't they make her wear whiskers or get a double, like they do in the movies.

Just as we now have talking pictures with off-stage musical accompaniments, so in the old days they had to contend with minstrels who secreted themselves from view and burst into crooning at moments when sex or sentiment appeared imminent. But Director Leigh at least takes pains to have *Portia* explain the unseen singing in one scene, and here the movies might well take a hint. Can't you see John Gilbert stopping in the midst of an impassioned speech to say, "What is that noise that sounds like a theme song?"—to which Greta Garbo would reply, "Oh, yust a leedle seventy-five piece orchestra I left in the leeving room."



... the four-triangles farce in which Miss Mary Boland is in her element as a silly, muddle-headed, self-dramatizing matron who decides she's in love. Facing her, as the wondering lover-elect, is Mr. Warren William. The testy old gent is the long-suffering husband, admirably portrayed by Mr. H. Reeves-Smith.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Lightnin'"

THE screen version of this play made famous by the performance of the late Frank Bacon is one of the pictures you are almost sure to enjoy, no matter who you are. Don't miss it.

However, a critic cannot earn a living by just making a statement that a picture is good. His job is to criticize, so let us get on with our picking and fussing. There is no doubt about Director Henry King making a swell job of this film, but he probably gathered a flock of grey hairs doing it. If ever we saw an actor suffer in an effort to handle lines verbatim it is Will Rogers. For years he has been saying just what he pleased and when he pleased, and his desire to express himself in his own sweet way is very obviously in conflict with the necessary procedure of repeating the lines of a manuscript as is.

In "They Had To See Paris" (and be sure to see this old one if you haven't) Will slipped into his rôle with becoming grace and except for a few lapses, none of which were serious, read the lines as they were written . . . or maybe he rewrote a lot of them. In "Lightnin'" he seems to find his part a great deal more difficult and consequently the Rogers personality keeps bobbing up and creates moments during which he appears to be reciting ad lib all over the place. Those who have seen the stage version will doubtless notice that Will's juggling of his lines slows up the action—particularly in the courtroom scene, during which his seeming uncertainty causes him and Louise Dresser to muff the big opportunity to make the customers boo hoo. And that gag about miniature golf is not worthy of Will. Nor is the one about Chinese girls.

The capable cast includes, in addition to Miss Dresser, Joel McCrea, J. M. Kerrigan, Helen Cohan, Luke Cosgrave, Jason Robards, Ruth Warren and Frank Campeau—mentioned in the order of their importance. Mr. McCrea's work is particularly impressive. Miss Dresser is always efficient, so we are apt to begin taking her splendid acting for granted.

"Lightnin'" should be seen by the whole family.

"Sin Takes A Holiday"

HEAVENS only knows what this title means, so don't try to figure it out. One bright young man thought it was a story about a Chinese laundryman going away for a rest. If you are old enough to know a little something about sex, see the picture, enjoy it, and forget the title. Nor is it necessary to know so much about sex so long as you are familiar with words and not annoyed by them. For instance, there is some conversation about seduction which escaped Will Hays and his



The movie censor's wife does her home work.

Carbona squad, but which will doubtless be eliminated by some of the state censors.

That splendid actress, Constance Bennett, plays the lead and is admirably supported by Basil Rathbone, Kenneth MacKenna and Rita La Roy. A word about what goes on, to help you decide whether or not you like the idea. Kenneth becomes seriously involved with a married woman and asks Constance, his secretary, to marry him in order to save him from the lady. She consents, "but of course we will not, er . . . I mean you will not expect me to . . . that is, we will be married in name only." One of those things. So she marries him, goes to Paris by herself for a vacation and plays around with Basil. Kenneth is then placed in the

peculiar position of suspecting that his wife is living with another man without being entitled to kick about it. The results are interesting and not a little amusing.

There are one or two lengthy, bro-midic dissertations on marriage that might well be eliminated, and it is entirely beyond our ability to explain why a miniature ocean liner is used in one scene.

Standing in the background throughout the picture is a lovely lady with a beautiful speaking voice. Her name is Kendall Lee. She has only a few lines, but we often found ourselves gazing at her mute figure when we should have been paying attention to Miss Bennett's speeches.

And a rousing cheer for Paul Stein's directing.

"Life Of The Party"

THIS picture is a success on Broadway, but certainly would not recommend it to the citizens of Peoria or Gallipolis. They are much too sophisticated to be entertained by such trash. For some strange reason New York audiences think Winnie Lightner is very amusing. So did we until she started screaming all of her lines at the top of her voice, and accompanying each whoop with a grimace of some sort. In "Gold Diggers of Broadway," Miss Lightner gave a fine comedy performance. Then the Hollywood experts started capitalizing her talents in their own peculiar manner. To do this the film specialists determine in their minds what it is the actor or actress does that makes the folks laugh and then insist that the star exaggerate the trick to the point of distortion. "Life Of The Party" finds Winnie giving nothing better than a blatant burlesque of her work in "Gold Diggers."

Jack Whiting displays the same charm and finish that have characterized his stage work, and Charles Butterworth, also recruited from musical comedy, relieves the generally terrible humor with his dead-pan subtleties. We are at a loss to explain Miss Irene Delroy's presence. She was probably hired to sing and dance and then the producers changed their minds.

"Life Of The Party" actually annoyed this reviewer, which very few movies do.



"What y' doing, friend, window shopping?"

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

I note in your Christmas thank-you letter you gave your husband a pair of skis. I wish you had consulted me. You have always been my favorite daughter because you come right out with things, but this makes me fear you have started making rather clumsy plants. It was only a pair of skis to your mother, but to me it was the same as saying, "Daddy, I want you to send me and Wilfrid to Lake Placid so I can make the Sunday brown sheets against a snowy background."

It was too much like your sister Francie. If she wanted to spend a summer on a dude ranch she would come home first with a bargain broncho she had picked up somewhere and would sit around waiting for me to do the rest. I am sorry for you because I can think of nothing more difficult for you to store in your dinette apartment than a pair of skis.

I tell you what let's do. Send the skis to me and I'll give them to somebody in the neighborhood who has a boy registered for Dartmouth. Then when we get ready to go South perhaps I can squeeze you into the party and you can edge into the beach pictures.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCREADY HUSTON.



"So I take th' north side, an' remember
—no chiselin' in!"

(21)

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *raised* with a *p* and get gloom. . . .
- (2) Scramble *dopes* with a *u* and get false. . . .
- (3) Scramble *quails* with a *d* and get dilapidated. . . .
- (4) Scramble *graces* with an *o* and get some flowers. . . .
- (5) Scramble *roaring* with an *s* and get a soldier's home.

(Answers on Page 31)

The Family Album



To the Leftovers.

Reprinted from LAFV, Dec. 22, 1910



"I wonder if it's another non-stop flight?"

Reprinted from LAFV, Dec. 1, 1927

Life at Home



HARRIMAN, N. Y.—A Guernsey cow was lonesome on the lower floor of her barn so she climbed twenty-one steps to the second floor to visit the Mulligan family, residing there. The Mulligans objected and it took a crew of workmen with rope and tackle to get bossy back to her own domain.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE, MICH.—After pursuing the elusive stag for some hours, Patrick Upham became weary and sitting down on a log, fell asleep. Two inquisitive bucks approached the recumbent hunter and spotting his luxuriant beard began to feast on what they undoubtedly mistook for alfalfa. Upham, suddenly awakened, was so startled that he forgot to shoot, losing both deer as well as his whiskers.

MORRISTOWN, PA.—George Hobbs, of Bridgeport, is accommodating, even in the face of jail. When neighbors complained against him and he was arraigned in court here on a charge of selling home brew, the judge asked him if the charge was true. Hobbs said it was the absolute truth and went home and got nine bottles of home brew to prove it.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Representative William R. Coyle of Pennsylvania gave as his excuse for not flying from here to San Francisco, that he could not afford to take risks, as he was one of the two Republicans who hold the balance of power in the House.

MALDEN, MASS.—Appearing in district court here before Judge E. G. Davis on a charge of drunkenness was Angus O'Callahan, a typical son of Erin.

Asked by the jurist to enter a plea of guilty or not guilty, O'Callahan replied:

"Your honor, I'm still drunk."

Thereupon, Judge Davis fined him \$15—which he paid.

RENO, NEVADA—Gold mining by small boys is a profitable business in the Truckee River. When the judge has awarded a divorce decree, the divorcee tosses her ring in the river as a gesture of relief from the old ties. So the boys reap a golden harvest.

CHICAGO—There are several things Milkman John Pfeiffer may not do, particularly:

He may not rattle milk bottles on the rear porch of his home in the early morning hours.

He may not use the family automobile to deliver milk.

He may sleep on the porch, but not in the house.

His wife, Charlotte, got a court injunction restraining him from the foregoing actions when she announced she had separated from him and would seek a divorce.

SARASOTA, FLA.—A rooster that laid an egg was being exhibited here today, but not in its natural state. The bird, a seven months old barred rock rooster, performed the phenomenon Friday night, crowed over the accomplishment and died.

And Abroad

BUDAPEST—George Mado, a Hungarian author, was sitting at a table in a wine hall when a man entered and attacked him with an umbrella.

The assailant told police he had attacked Mado because the author, after presenting the heroine of a newspaper serial story as such a lovable woman that the reader immediately fell in love with her, then ended the story by giving her a bad character.

PARIS—The Pasteur Institute has been studying seasickness in animals. Goldfish were found to be quite susceptible.

BRIGHTON, ENG.—Tommy Harper, age 12, has inaugurated a new and remunerative business. Tommy has a "stand" on one of the windiest corners in town, and his job is to chase gentlemen's hats blown off by the frisky breezes. For this he gets 15 cents per hat, and some days takes in as much as \$2.50.



"Well, my pets have to eat as well as I do."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 29

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Second season for this entertaining comedy of love and seduction in a speakeasy.
 - ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize play. The negro's idea of the Bible story beautifully and amusingly done.
 - ★LYSISTRATA. *44th Street*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Bawdy, hilarious comedy from the Greek of Aristophanes. The Greek women settle the peace question by offering war OR arms.
 - ★UP POPS THE DEVIL. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Realistic portrayal of domestic troubles of a very modern young couple in Greenwich Village.
 - ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *Golden*. \$4.40—Frank Craven as a theatrical manager stops off in a small town during the dull season at the urgings of a grateful friend. Don't miss this one.
 - ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Side-splitting comedy satirizing Hollywood and the new talkies wherein the former buttonmaker is now czar of all he surveys.
 - ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' great show of three ex-Follies girls making hay while the sun shines.
 - ★BAD GIRL. *Hudson*. \$3.00—Vina Delmar's novel of obstetrics ably done.
 - ★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—Whimsical drama of the problems of eternal youth. Edith Barrett as a lady who stays at 28 years for three generations.
- CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her group in a program of modern classics.
- ★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—Lenore Ulric—the glamorous—comes back in one of her well-known melodramas. This time she is a bootlegger's gal in love with a preacher.
 - ★ROAR CHINA. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Unique staging by the Guild of a Soviet drama of propaganda—all about the brutal white man's invasion of China.
 - ★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Edgar Wallace's burlesque of the Chicago gangster—his feuds, his moll, his funerals—in a swell show. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.
 - ★MAN IN POSSESSION. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An All-English company in an entertaining, light comedy. The Bailiff's representative lives on the debtor's property until his (or her) debts are paid.
 - ★AS GOOD AS NEW. *Cort*. \$3.00—Otto Krueger and Vivienne Osborne in a slight comedy of divorce, mistresses and outspoken children.
 - ★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Guild*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt making an historical romance a thing to be remembered.

- ★GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40—Interesting, exciting and magnificently staged. Thirty-six hours in the lives of five people in a Continental hotel—with Henry Hull and Eugene Leontovich. Try months ahead for seats.
 - ★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Helen Gahagen in an entertaining Belasco production of an opera singer whose art has heretofore suffered since she has not had a "grand experience."
 - ★ART AND MRS. BOTTLE. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Jane Cowl's repertory company in an amusing comedy of an erring wife who returns after many years to rescue her family topsy turvy on account of the same A-R-T which led her astray. Alternating weekly with—
 - ★TWELFTH NIGHT. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Jane Cowl and the same group doing justice to the Bard of Avon. Also with Leon Quartermaine.
 - ★THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Mary Boland in a hilarious play ideally suited to her. A middle-aged woman is confronted with the now ideal lover of her youth—and forced to compete with her daughter and younger sister.
 - ★SCARLET SISTER MARY. *Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Dramatization of Julia Peterkin's novel of the Gullah negroes. Ethel Barrymore and her daughter Ethel Barrymore Colt—in blackface.
 - ★OH PROMISE ME. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Broad farce with Lee Tracy. An ambitious young lawyer successfully blackmails an elderly philanderer with little or no evidence.
 - ★THIS IS NEW YORK. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Robert Sherwood's lively comedy of the senator from South Dakota—despising everything in New York—whose daughter, Lois Moran, yearns for one of Manhattan's wastrels. Thrilling second act with scandal and suicide.
 - ★A KISS OF IMPORTANCE. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A young man (Basil Rathbone) agrees to act as correspondent so that his employer may win the young wife (Ann Andrews) from her elderly husband without scandal. Of course you know what happens—it all ends with a happy French triangle.
 - ★THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Times Square*. \$2.50—Maurice Moscovitch as a good-natured Shylock and Selena Royle as Portia. And all in modern dress.
- OVERTURE. *Longacre*. \$3.85—A posthumous play by William Bolitho—featuring Colin Clive.
- ## Musical
- ★FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*. \$5.50—Second season for this hit with Bert Lahr and Oscar Shaw.
 - ★EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *New Amsterdam*. \$5.50—Jimmie Savo and "The Most Beautiful Girls In The World" make this dirty show—funny and entertaining.
 - ★NINA ROSA. *Majestic*. \$5.50—One of those dependable musical comedies with a real plot and lots of action. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry and Armida.
 - ★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$6.60—Joe Cook—with all gadgets working—in a crazy, loony show that's not to be missed.
- ★BROWN BUDDIES. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Bill Robinson and his inimitable tap-dancing in an all-colored show with pep.
 - ★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—That grand trio—Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb—in a great revue.
 - ★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Fast-moving, colorful, tuneful hit of doings on a dude ranch invaded by one of Broadway's playboys. With Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers and Ethel Merman and set to Gershwin music.
 - ★HELLO PARIS. *Shubert*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Chic Sale has transferred some of the material from his masterpiece to the heavy-handedly adaptation of Homer Croy. Mr. Sale—however—is a literal scream.
 - ★SWEET AND LOW. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Fannie Brice, George Jessel and James Barton in a sometimes hilarious revue.
 - ★SMILES. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—The 1930 Ziegfeld offering with Marilyn Miller and the Astaires. A war orphan meets the four dough-boys who adopted her years before.
 - ★THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway*. \$5.50—Widely heralded "satirical" revue arranged by Cole Porter, Peter Arno and Herbert Field. A galaxy of stars including Clayton, Jackson and Dusan—Frances Williams—Ann Pennington—Hope Williams, etc.—far into the night.
- ## Records
- ### Victor
- "LA SEDUCCION"—Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra make it a pleasure to practice your tango step. *and*
 - "BOLERO"—The same orchestra playing a foxtrot arrangement of the lovely Ravel composition.
 - "YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!"—Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees. One of Rudy's best late releases. Simple but tuneful. *and*
 - "THINKING OF YOU, DEAR"—A melody which compels one to be a basso as well as a tenor to sing—but which doesn't stop Rudy's piano player from showing his ability.
- ### Brunswick
- "I AM ONLY THE WORDS, YOU ARE THE MELODY" *and*
 - "I STILL BELONG TO YOU"—Ben Bernie and His Orchestra playing two melodies with ease and musical finish. Vocal choruses aren't half bad.
 - "LAUGHING AT LIFE"—Belle Baker, Comedienne, with orchestra. Noisy effort. *and*
 - "SWEETHEART OF MY STUDENT DAYS"—Ditto.
- ### Columbia
- "BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY"—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. A tune on order of "Old Woman In The Shoe"—Lots of piano work and interesting rhythm. *and*
 - "UKULELE MOON"—Same orchestra. In spite of the ridiculous title and trite lyrics, you'll like it.

(Continued on Page 28)

Rally 'round the Table



IT IS almost forgotten—that gracious, festive note at dinner when sparkling liquids, in crystal glasses lent point and color to the table setting. But, among the initiate, it has been recaptured. For now informed hostesses are serving the Champagne of Ginger Ales at dinner.

It graces the table like an old wine—this bubbling, amber-hued ginger ale, bringing a companionable gaiety and a welcome new accent to your dinner.

And to your appetite it adds a zest. For there is something in the wonderful flavor of this fine old ginger ale—an inimitable balance—that picks you up.

Real Jamaica Ginger

Canada Dry is good for you. Its excellence is unquestioned, for it is made by a process exclusive with Canada Dry that retains all the natural flavor of the real Jamaica ginger root. Even the water is subjected to Ultra Violet Ray treatment. And you will notice, too, that Canada Dry *retains its life and sparkle* long after the bottle is opened. The special process of carbonation insures that.

For your holiday entertaining, and especially for Christmas dinner, fill the glasses with Canada Dry. Keep the handy Hostess Package of twelve bottles always on hand.

CANADA DRY'S

SPARKLING LIME GOLDEN GINGER ALE
SPARKLING ORANGE

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful and refreshing.



CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Our Foolish Contemporaries



SMALL BOY (to chemist): Please, sir, have you anything for havin' swallowed a crab?

—Humorist.

MISTRESS: Did you water the rubber plant, Dora?

DUMB D.: Why, no, ma'am. I thought it was waterproof.

—Pathfinder.

"A Western truck-driver was buried under half a ton of ice cream when his machine collided with a bus." The outcome appears to have been truck-driver a la mode. —Detroit News.

Among the season's novelties is a realistic-looking cigar which contains a pen, pencil and letter-opener. This is an improvement on those realistic-looking cigars which are supposed to contain tobacco. —Passing Show.

A writer thinks that bridegrooms would do better if they wore gayer clothes. This is not the first time attempts have been made to get bridegrooms to look on the bright side of life. —Punch.

Little Tommy, who had spent the whole of his young life in London, was visiting his uncle's farm.

One morning he was taken to see the cows milked. Tommy's uncle, who expected to see the little chap overcome with enthusiasm at the sight, was surprised when Tommy sniffed with disgust.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" he asked. "Doesn't all this nice milk make you feel thirsty?"

"Rather not," returned the boy. "You see, in London we're used to getting milk from a nice clean shop and not from a dirty old cow."

—Answers.

"Our parrot can say 'Mamma' and 'Papa'."

"Oh, are its parents still living?"

—Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.

BERLIN TOURIST (in Bavarian mountains): What is the chief thing to be seen here?

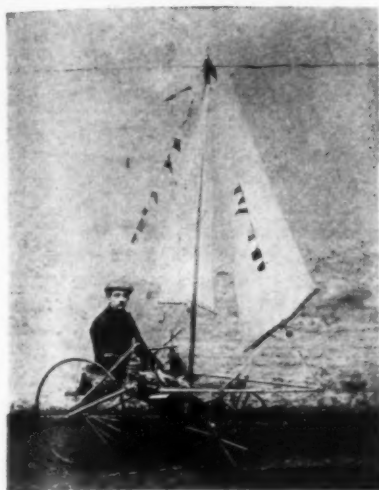
NATIVE: For a person from Berlin, the mountains. For the natives, tourists from Berlin. —Ulk, Berlin.



"Something I wanted to ask you—what was it?"

—London Opinion.

Life in Society



All Hands On Deck

Harold S. ("Mike") Shinty rounding the home buoy in his three-masted racing gig during the annual Miami Yacht Club Regatta. Soon after this picture was taken the main-top gallant studding sail let go and knocked the noted sportsman down a companionway.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Harvey Jonas gave a dinner at the Plaza last night and took their guests to the opera to discuss the stock market.

Count and Countess Pierre de Bussy de Suisse will give a dance on Dec. 20 at their home, 777 Park Avenue, for Miss Imogene Coudrais, de debutante daughter of de Countess de Suisse.

Mrs. Kenneth P. Moreland, chairman of the Westport annual charity ball, to be given at the Stratfield Hotel on Dec. 23, has chosen the following women as her assistants:

Mrs. Kenneth P. Moreland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Roland MacKeith of Sedgewick Park entertained with a dinner and bridge at the Vestwood Country Club. The entertainment consisted of Mrs. MacKeith taking all her partners out of business doubles until the entire assemblage redoubled and went home.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell F. de L. Prince have mailed subpoenas to an afternoon reception with dancing for their debutante daughter, Miss Aurilie Prince, at their home, 22 West Eighty-Second Street, on Dec. 20.

Mrs. John P. — of — and —, has closed her house at —, and is at the — until she sails next week on the — to go to her home in —. And we hope she breaks her — neck! —Jack Cluett.

LE MOMENT ÉTONNANT

[THE ASTONISHING MOMENT]

When you receive a souvenir (remembrance) from your Aunt Matilde who has a penchant (pronounced penchant) for African sculpture—remain de bonne humeur (composed).

. . . be nonchalant
LIGHT A MURAD



PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY
DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

© P. Lorillard Co.

MR. PAINTER: An officer arrested a man whose face he remembered for twenty years. Wasn't that a remarkable memory?

MRS. PAINTER: No; I'd say it was a remarkable face. —Answers.

The moon, says a radio expert, throws back the wireless waves from the earth. We don't blame it.

—The Humorist.

From a physical standpoint we are much inferior to prehistoric man, says a scientist. Who wouldn't rather be inferior than prehistoric?

—Pathfinder.

"Where would Americans be but for Prohibition?" asks a writer in a Sunday paper. A good many of them would be back in America.

—Punch.

The MADISON

"NEW YORK'S VERY BEST"



Madison Ave. at 52nd St.
THEODORE TITZEL - Mgr.

No More Hangnails

Banish these painful eyesores, and avoid infection, by trimming them neatly with Gem, the handy pocket manicure. And it quickly cleans, trims and files your nails. At all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Nail Clippers



Hotel Tampa Terrace on Court House Square in Tampa, Florida.



AN American plan hotel in busy thriving Tampa, the heart of the Florida West Coast Resort section and the gateway to all of Southwestern Florida's Tropical Paradise. An American plan hotel convenient to five delightful 18 hole golf courses on which guests may play by arrangement —convenient to many fine bathing beaches and a short motor trip to most of Florida's points of interest. An American plan hotel offering all the niceties of service characteristic of the Florida-Collier Coast Hotels.

Hotel TAMPA TERRACE TAMPA, FLORIDA

GO TO FLORIDA



THIS YEAR

They were at the table.
"Won't you have something more to eat, Mr. Smith?"
"Well, just a mouthful, please."
"James, fill Mr. Smith's plate."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

"What do you think of my new hat? I earned it for myself."
"How was that?"
"I trained my husband not to smoke."
—Das Kleine Witzblatt, Leipzig.

"Father," said Jimmy, running into the drawing room, "there's a big black cat in the dining room."

"Never mind, Jimmy," said his father, drowsily; "black cats are lucky."
"Yes," was the reply. "This one is; he's had your dinner!" —Tit-Bits.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Al Smith will write a weekly article for publication after the first of the year. He need not touch on the theme that two and two make approximately four: Mr. Coolidge is covering that.
—Detroit News.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

"MY MAN FROM CAROLINE"—Ben Selvin and His Orchestra. Rhythm and featured brass that will warm you up. and
"STILL I LOVE HER"—Same bunch. A typical other side.

Sheet Music

"I Keep Remembering Someone I Tried To Forget." (New Isham Jones number. No show.)

"Let's Fly Away." (The New Yorkers)

"Where Have You Been?" (The New Yorkers)

"To Whom It May Concern" (No show)

"Daughter Of The Latin Quarter" (No show)

"I Was Alone" (Movie—Sunny)



LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



RED WAGON, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$2.50. Where did the author of this remarkable first novel get her profound and masculine knowledge of the circus? The main character Joe, a circus boy, is a genuine artistic achievement. As we follow him in the absorbing current of adventure and description, we feel here something more than a talent.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I, by Karl Tschup-pik. Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3.75. Also, IDYLL'S END, by Claude Anet. Dodd Mead & Co., \$2.50. The first book is a fine historical account of the long-lived monarch and contains an accurate historical record of the tragedy of Prince Rudolph. The second is a creative romance weaved around the history, more tragic indeed than that of Romeo and Juliet. These two books may well be read together for comparison.

THE FRENCH POWDER MYSTERY, by Ellery Queen. F. A. Stokes Co., \$2. One of the best of the summer thrillers with which we are being snowed under, and will you believe it, it begins with a murder? This time it is in a department store and—not to divulge too much of the plot—a lip stick motif (not so new either). But why compare Ellery Queen to Sherlock Holmes, as the blurb has it?

ELSIE DINSMORE ON THE LOOSE, by Josie Turner, with drawings, (not quite up to Held Jr., but very good) by Eldon Kelley. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. Originally published in friend New Yorker, these sketches make admirable bungalow reading for summer sophisticates. Elsie, discreetly and subconsciously modernized, loses none of her original charm. Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite propriety.

THE CASE OF ROBERT ROBERTSON, by Sven Elvestad. Alfred Knopf, Inc., \$2. A mystery found-murdered thriller by one of the best German inventors of this sort of tale. It loses by translation. If you are a fan, steeped in Oppenheim, Rohmer, Van Dine, and Edgar Wallace, maybe it will disappoint you. But it is well constructed, and you may like it better than we did.

—Thomas L. Masson.

(29)

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE



"For a true smoke
...give me my pipe"

WHY do men prefer pipes? Well, maybe the best way to find the answer is to get a good pipe, fill it with good tobacco and become a pipe-smoker yourself for a while. Maybe you'll find a pipe is your real smoke.

Pipe tobacco gets first call on leaf and blend—pipes tell the truth about tobacco. The very heart of tobacco is revealed by pipes. And there's something about a slow and even-burning pipeful of good tobacco that helps a man think straight—calmly, to the point. The savor of a good tobacco like Edgeworth is not quite like anything else in the world.

You'll find Edgeworth waiting for you wherever good tobacco is sold. The pocket sizes pictured below are 15 cents each. Or, if you'd prefer to try it first, just send the coupon for a sample packet of genuine old Edgeworth, free.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

GIVE HIM EDGEWORTH and a pipe for Christmas—see what a welcome they get! If your dealer can't supply Edgeworth gift cartons, we can. Send us your cards and we'll mail the Edgeworth to your Christmas list—\$1.65 a pound in glass jar, \$1.50 in humidor tin, 75 cents a half pound.



LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St. Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name.....

My street address.....

And the town and state.....

Now let the Edgeworth come! L-43

Finish that Santa Claus Job! LIFE's easy-chair way!

Have you filled your last stocking? Is your quota holding out?

There's an answer to these last-minute emergencies: LIFE.

You needn't get caught in the toils of expensive Christmas traffic. Just fill out the blank below, enclosing your check, or letting us bill you, for \$5.00. Then sit back knowing you've given a gift of cheer to last all through 1931:

52 issues of LIFE and

LIFE's smart red leather binder to hold it, gold-imprinted with the name of the lucky recipient on the cover.

Or, if you haven't made sure of your own weekly dose of high spirits for next year,

OBEY THAT IMPULSE NOW:

Dear LIFE (60 East 42nd street, New York):

H-3

Please enter 1931 subscription to LIFE at \$5.00 with red leather binder free to be sent to

(name)

(address)

SINBAD A DOG'S LIFE by EDWINA

PICTURE STORIES
OF THE FAMOUS
"MUT" DOG WHO
FIRST APPEARED
IN "LIFE" MAGA-
ZINE.



COWARD MCCANN, INC.

NEW YORK CITY

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW FROM
LIFE 60 East 42nd St., \$2.50
New York



"You have that certain undiagnosable quality."

Bridget, the maid, approached her mistress.

"Oi would loike a week's holiday, ma'am," she said. "Oi wants to be married."

Her mistress gave her a week's holiday, a white dress, a veil, and a cake.

At the end of the week Bridget returned. "Oh, ma'am," she said in answer to her mistress' questions. "Oi was the most lovely bride. My dress was perfect, my veil lovely, and everybody said the cake was splendid."

"Well Bridget, this sounds delightful," said her mistress. "I do hope you've got a good husband?"

Bridget's tone changed to one of indignation.

"Now, ma'am, an' what d'ye think? The spalpeen never turned up."

—Tatler.

"That new man on the varsity crew is a fine chap."

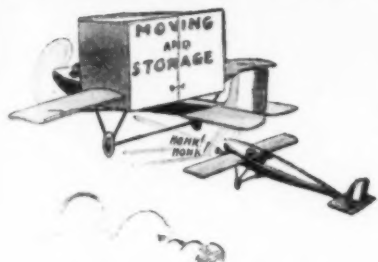
"Yes, he's a gentleman and a sculler."

—White Mule.



"Look, mother! There goes my secret passion!"

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 66



The aerial roadhog of nineteen forty.

Miss Grace E. Foster,
2108 Poplar Grove Street,
Baltimore, Maryland.

For explanation: Former motorists find old habits hard to change.

Miss Marion E. Haase,
187 Woodside Avenue,
Newark, N. J.

For explanation: The height of some motorists' ambition.

H. H. Albro,
348 Dodd Street,
East Orange, N. J.

For explanation: No matter how high up in life you go, you'll find some sort of violator.

L. N. Thorburn-Arts,
216 West 56th Street,
New York City.

For explanation: Confound you! Do you think you own the atmosphere?



"Hey!"

GO TO FLORIDA THIS YEAR



Hotel Royal Worth at West Palm Beach

OFFERING, as it does, all the fundamentals and all the niceties of the most modern of hotel service, Hotel Royal Worth has become the preference of many who have made it a habit to visit the Palm Beaches every year. This delightful airy hotel, on the shores of Lake Worth, is an outstanding example of the excellent service of the Florida-Collier Coast Hotels, and, of course, the rates are modest. Wire for reservations or write for folder to James A. Lynch, Manager.

Hotel
ROYAL WORTH
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA



Answers to Anagrams
On Page 21

- (1) Despair.
- (2) Pseudo.
- (3) Squalid.
- (4) Corsage.
- (5) Garrison.

IKE: I'm going to raise rabbits for a living.

JAKE: Is zat so? How many?

IKE: That's entirely up to the rabbits.

—Green Goat.

Famous people are those who boast of knowing one another.

—Publishers' Syndicate.



Abbott's
BITTERS

Tones the Stomach
Improves the Appetite
Aids Digestion

Sample of Bitters by
mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

The Princeton Tiger



You never knew
such a college comic!

OUT of the jungle stalks
the good old PRINCE-
TON TIGER,

That genial beast of prey,
Keen to trap with wit and
humor

All that comes his way.

Listen! He speaks!

"The spontaneity of Youth
Pep—Mirth—Fun."

An original CHRISTMAS
GIFT

Nine rollicking numbers
Announced by a cheery
card

OUR SPECIAL CHRIST-
MAS OFFER

Two Dollars

(Reading time—six months)

*The Princeton Tiger,
Princeton, N. J.*

I enclose herewith \$.....
for Christmas sub-
scription(s) at \$2.00 each.

Send to: (name).....

(Street)

(City)

Bill to: (name).....

(Street)

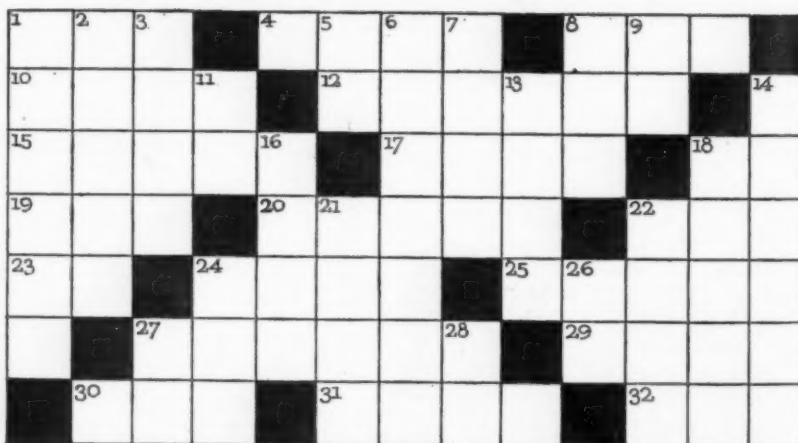
(City)

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 71

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes January 9, 1931.



OVER

1. Article useful to authors.
4. An alarm clock won't wake a man in this state.
8. Where to put the cat at bedtime.
10. What a seasoned traveler takes on a Pullman trip.
12. A snap of the finger.
15. Do this and shine.
17. The kind of man you can trust.
18. A Smith who doesn't shoe horses.
19. What the lovers did to be alone at last.
20. There are yards and yards in these.
22. The armpit.
23. Postscript.
24. The South of France.
25. Cardinal number.
27. Where the horsehair used to gleam.
29. The way to avoid temptation.
30. We always like our own best.
31. These meet in a working girl's life.
32. Make a misstep.

DOWN

1. These men are interested in dogs.
2. What the boss does when he needs help.
3. Blue pencil.
5. Belonging to.
6. A millionaire gets taxed for this.
7. Out of the wind.
8. This will keep the home fires burning.
9. The way to Heaven.
11. Plural ending.
13. A girl from the country.
14. An actor who knows his stuff.
16. An Eastern Prince.
18. You have to make a change to do this.
21. Of no importance.
22. What the wheels go around.
24. The end of Spring.
26. Conj. indicating a condition.
27. The old man.
28. Highway. (Abbr.)



GETAWAY

QUICK getaway is important indeed to the pheasant when danger threatens. And quick getaway is what carries the motorist through driving emergencies.

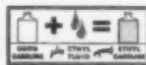
Ethyl Gasoline speeds up the getaway of any car because it is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline containing Ethyl anti-knock compound, developed by automotive research to provide a better motor fuel.

The new high-compression cars *must* have Ethyl to do their best. But the improvement Ethyl makes in older cars is just as marked.

This week-end, try Ethyl in the most congested traffic. You'll like it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

© E. G. C. 1930

ETHYL
GASOLINE



ONE WILL ALWAYS STAND OUT



They Satisfy that's why!



WHEN CHOOSING CIGARETTES you can set no standard higher than Chesterfield's own—to give smokers *what smokers want*: MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of ripe, mellowed tobaccos. BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of Chesterfield's wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

CHESTERFIELD

M I L D E R A N D B E T T E R T A S T E

